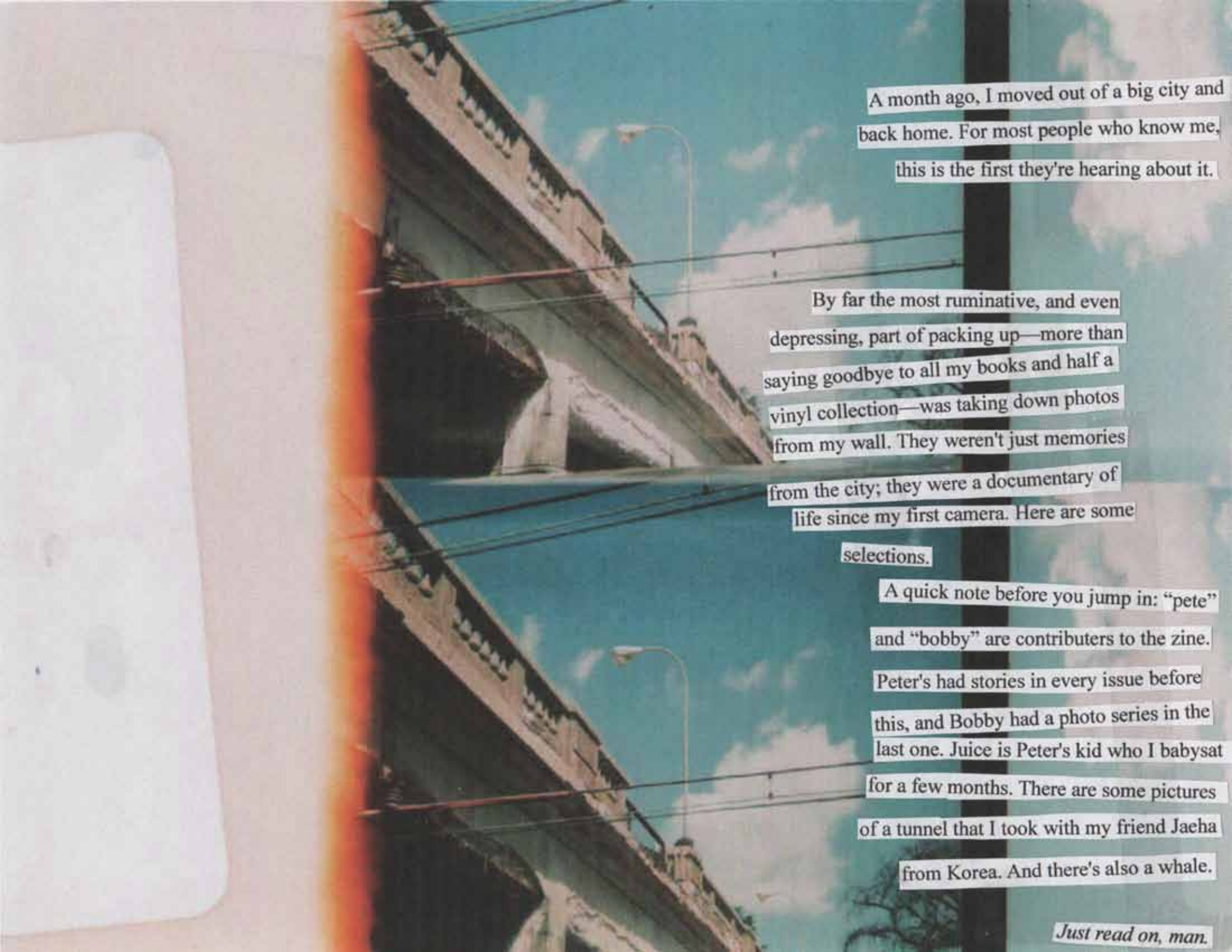
A small, white, fluffy dog is lying on a light-colored, textured surface. The dog is wearing a red and yellow striped bikini bottom. The dog's head is turned to the left, and its front paws are visible. The background is out of focus, showing some indistinct shapes and colors.

the way out.



A month ago, I moved out of a big city and back home. For most people who know me, this is the first they're hearing about it.

By far the most ruminative, and even depressing, part of packing up—more than saying goodbye to all my books and half a vinyl collection—was taking down photos from my wall. They weren't just memories from the city; they were a documentary of life since my first camera. Here are some selections.

A quick note before you jump in: “pete” and “bobby” are contributors to the zine. Peter's had stories in every issue before this, and Bobby had a photo series in the last one. Juice is Peter's kid who I babysat for a few months. There are some pictures of a tunnel that I took with my friend Jaeha from Korea. And there's also a whale.

*Just read on, man.*



"transistions,

or

there's always room for home"

way out, issue four.

(harvest moon, 2012)

photos of:

a boy named juice

12-21

a whale

26

pete

28-35

bobby

42-45

































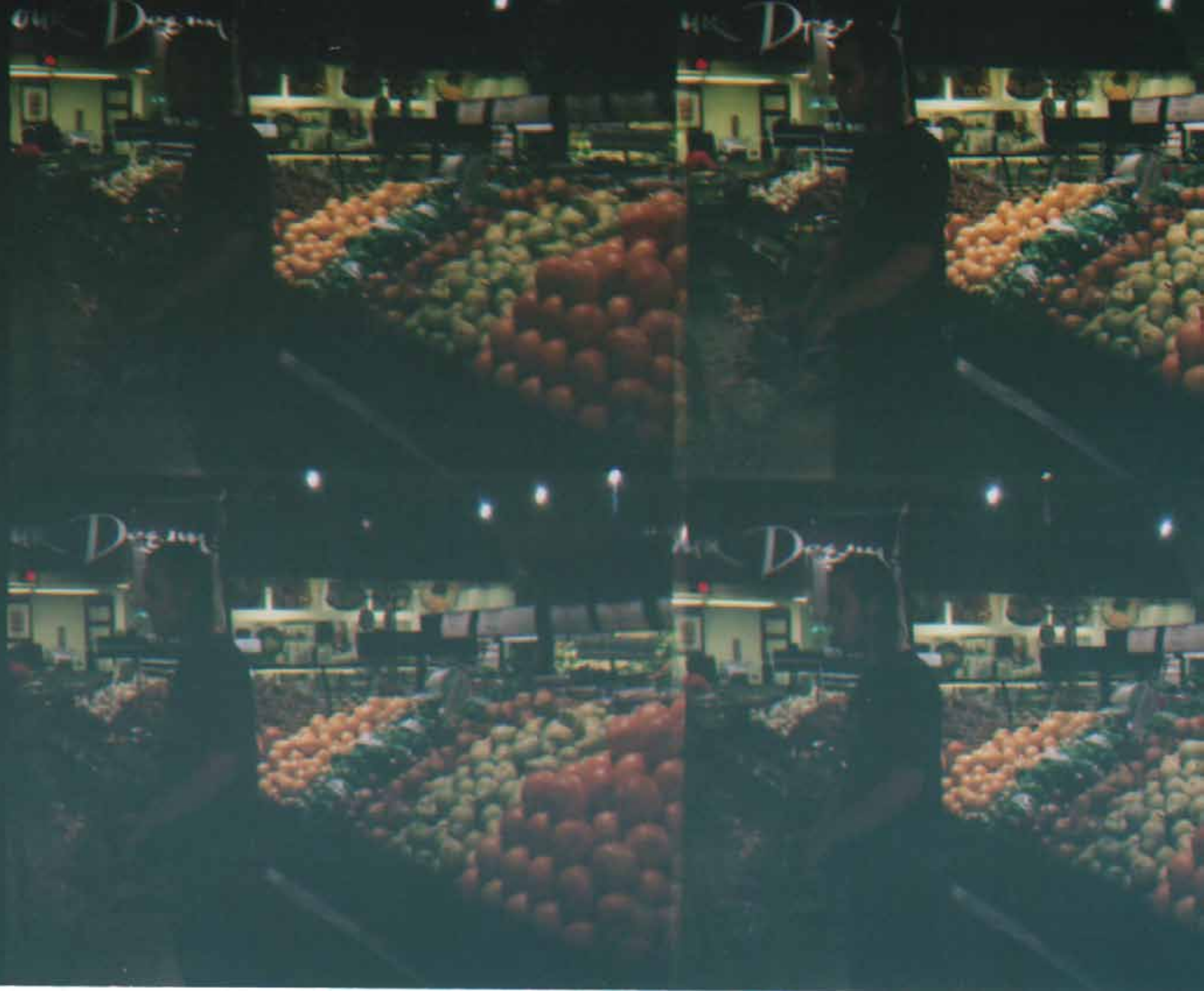
















































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